

"What fools these Mortals be!"  
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

# Suck

PUBLISHED BY  
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

NEW YORK  
TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1878

OFFICE No. 21-23 WARREN ST.

"ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES"



## THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF THE TRANSFERRED "COBURGER."

The Effect of Government Reform on a Military Man of Quiet Domestic Ambitions.

## PUCK.

OFFICE: Nos. 21 & 23 WARREN STREET  
NEW YORK.PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.  
TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

(United States and Canada)  
 One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers, - - - - - \$5.00  
 One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers, - - - - - 2.50  
 One Copy, for 13 weeks, - - - - - 1.25  
 (England and all Countries in the Berne Postal Treaty.)  
 One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers, - - - - - \$6.00  
 One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers, - - - - - 3.00  
 One Copy, three months, or 13 numbers, - - - - - 1.50

\* \* \* INCLUDING POSTAGE. \* \* \*

UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - JOS. KEPPLER  
 BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - - - A. SCHWARZMANN  
 EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNER

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

Attention is called to the fact that every issue of Puck is specially copyrighted, and its contents are protected by law. We have no objection to the reprinting of paragraphs and articles, where full credit is given; but we cannot permit the reproduction of our pictures, except by special arrangement with us.

No. 418 of the English PUCK will be bought at this office at 25 cents per copy. In mailing please roll lengthwise.

## IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The date printed on the wrapper of each paper denotes the time when the subscription expires.

## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

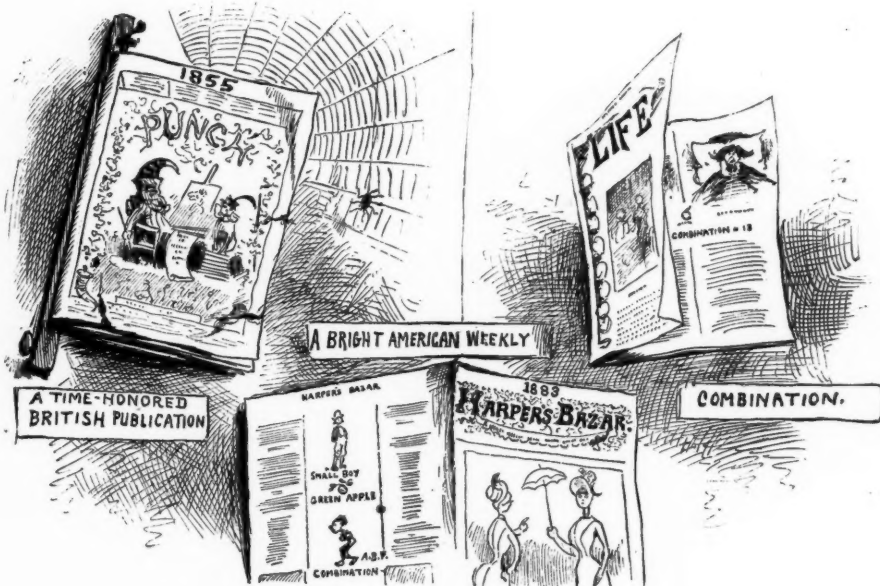
**Yes, it is the Sleeping Party now.** The Princess has pricked her finger with the distaff, and the spell has come upon her and all her court. The revels are checked; the slumber of private life enfolds great and small. And the Party sleeps.

And who shall wake her to life again? Who shall give her the magic kiss that breaks the spell? Who shall lead her forth in new strength and beauty, to reign again in greater glory? Why, the Prince, of course. And who is the Prince?

Didn't you hear about him last summer? He was very fully described in the columns of the New York *Tribune*. To begin with, he is a White-Plumed Knight. And he is a Typical American, with lots of Aggressive Americanism about him. And he is a Statesman. And he is a Patriot. And he is also a Historian. And he is likewise a Publicist. He has a Teeming Brain and a Great Heart, and his wonderful Personal Magnetism is something that is quite irresistible. He has vast Experience in Public Affairs. He has a Strong Hand for the Helm of Government. He is Brilliant, he is Courageous, he is Audacious, he is Smart. He is the Chosen Leader of the People. He is full of Dash. He is a Hero and a Standard-Bearer. He represents the American Idea. He is an Orator and an Intellectual Giant. He is the Friend of Honest Labor, and the Enemy of Rum, Romanism and Rebellion. He is pretty nearly everything that goes well in capitals. That's the Prince. For further particulars, please see the files of the New York *Tribune* for the campaign of 1884.

Of course a man who answers this description must be the true Prince. The finger of Destiny clearly indicates him as the man to wake the Sleeping Party and lead her back to power. It is not often, in the course of the ages, that you find a perfect character such as this. We have never heard of any other man for whom half as much could justly be said. Can there be any doubt that he is appointed to break the spell and bring life in the place of death-like sleep? The Republican party must be awakened. Surely he is the man to do it; surely he, and none other, is the Prince!

## "MARKED FOR LIFE."



So Long as *Punch* and *Harper's Bazar* Exist Our Esteemed Dude Contemporary *Life* will Always be Able to Strike the "Combination."

There is some mistake about this. The logic seems to be all right; but there is evidently a mistake somewhere. It can't possibly be that the New York *Tribune* was wrong—but—well, the man thus described in that trustworthy journal can't be the Prince, after all, queer as it may seem. For he, he too, is one of the sleepers—yes, and the heaviest, dullest, deadest one of the whole lot, and if anything can ever awaken him from his slumber, it will be the trump of the political judgement day.

Yet the *Tribune* talked about him as though he were the Prince.

Did you ever cut a snapping-turtle's head off? If you have, you probably remember that the vicious jaws worked in a galvanic style after decapitation, and that if you gave them something to bite on they bit it with a persistent pretense of life. Vermin die hard. It is their nature to. It is part of their character, as vermin. The decapitated snapping-turtle is dead, to all intents and purposes. But, just as long as Nature allows him to, he will act as though he were alive, with his innate cussedness in full blast. The Spoils System is dead; but we must expect to see its jaws work for some time yet. These brief and totally disconnected observations may have some bearing on the recent performances of the anti-Civil-Service-Reform people in the New York Custom-House, or they may not. They are offered without comment to a Civil-Service-Reform public.

We have hitherto been pretty fairly successful in the prophesying business, and we propose to put forth a modest prophecy this week, with calm faith that years to come will justify our judgement. The Committee on the Grant memorial wants \$1,000,000 from the people of this country. Hear the prophecy. If it is generally understood that that \$1,000,000 is wanted for a wholesale waste of marble and granite, it will not be forthcoming. We shall have another national disgrace, such as we have not escaped in the case of the Washington monument. But if that \$1,000,000 is to go to the erection of such a memorial to General Grant as PUCK and the *Evening Post* have suggested, we have

very little doubt that it will be in the hands of the Committee before even the enterprising town of Chicago has a chance to turn her local stone-cutters loose on her own private fund.

Every now and then one of the country newspapers tells a pretty story of a pair of Birds who build their nest on top of the smoke-stack of a side-tracked locomotive; and the incredulous but cruel-minded reader only wishes that the story were true, that he might in fancy gloat over the fun those injudicious birds would have when the locomotive was again put in commission.

Those ornaments of our military service whom the unsympathizing call "Coburgers" have nested these many years in what now turns out to be a very lively smoke-stack. The engine is "fired up," and the gentleman by the name of Endicott who is directing the firing has small sympathy with birds when the birds are out of their proper place. So there is a fluttering of wings in the Washington air, and the plaint of callow broods is borne on the summer breeze. It is painful, it is pathetic; we drop the tear of appreciative humanity as we contemplate the spectacle. But, we are constrained to observe, it is business, and it was to be expected.

CONFESSIONS OF A PHILOSOPHIC GIRL.—I didn't go to Mt. Desert to spend the summer months, because it is too cold up there for swimming. I didn't go to Newport, because when I went there before father had horses and carriages, and I could never face my old friends without them. I have kept away from Cape May, because it is too hot to live in, and Atlantic City is full of Philadelphians. Au Sable Chasm is a lovely spot, but nobody could live there more than ten or fifteen minutes at a time. Thousand Islands is a pretty place, but I don't care for rowing and fishing. Coney Island is too noisy, and Long Branch is full of mosquitos. There are no shade-trees at Long Beach, and at Asbury Park you have to wear a regulation orthodox theological bathing-suit. Saratoga is no better than Brooklyn. It is all sand—like a sugar-factory. These are the reasons why I didn't go away at all. I stayed right at home in the house, and, so far, have spent the jolliest summer of my young unclouded life. I stayed right in the house, as I said before, and my spirits were as light as the ripples that play over the placid surface of Lake Luzerne, because I have spent my time reading PICKINGS FROM PUCK, Second Crop. Price, twenty-five cents.



SEPTEMBER.

September shakes from off the tree  
The yellow leaf and mellow fruit.  
(It shakes the white hat, and the free  
And easy Bowery summer suit.)  
The young duck rises from the nest.  
(Coal also fifty cents a ton.)  
Man shoots the duck (both bird and vest),  
And dust the duster falls upon.  
Now bloom the fair young autumn flowers,  
Both golden-rod and saddle-rock.  
The gambler gambles round the bowers;  
Then gets his ulster out of hock.  
The politicians daily spout—  
Part eloquence and partly beer;  
And crowds of strikers gaily shout  
Because election 's near.  
At eve the seaside hotelier  
Upon the beach remains till dark,  
And, with a supercilious sneer,  
Descries afar the hungry shark.  
The poet, in a cheap saloon,  
Finds inspiration in bad rum,  
And gladly croons this merry tune,  
Because at last September 's come.

W. E. S. F.

SOME UNPARDONABLE VICES.

Any man who will carry a cane, make cigarettes, part his hair in the centre, and ride a bicycle is certainly on the high road to ruin.

Such an accumulation of vices in a single individual cannot help but weigh him down to perdition.

Parting the hair in the centre has justly been stamped as a sign of weak mentality. Such addle-pated characters in history as Shakspeare, Milton, Addison, Richelieu, Michael Angelo, and even that nonentity Victor Hugo, are all known to have parted their hair in the centre, showing conclusively the debilitating effects of such a practice upon the brain tissue.

There is no help for the confirmed cigarette-smoker. While the time-honored American custom of chewing tobacco is elevating and refining in its influence, this pernicious habit of cigarette-smoking, imported to our shores from the effete countries of the Old World, is daily filling our jails and alms-houses.

Compare the men who indulge in the harmless stimulant of the cud with those who smoke the damning cigarette, and what do we find?

Among the former class we discover the cultured hod-carrier, the refined "dive"-bouncer,

the sensitive and high-minded prize-fighter, the upright and pure political worker, the tender-hearted wife-beater, and the more or less honest farmer: while ranged upon the side of the advocates of cigarette-smoking we encounter the hardened classes who paint our pictures, write our operas, compose our poetry, and do everything to render life more beautiful.

Such a comparison should lead but to one result: the total abolition of the cigarette, and the fostering of navy-plug.

The degrading effects of bicycle-riding are but too well known. The young man who recklessly joins a club of wheelmen is unworthy of further respect. As he goes whirling along in the country, feasting his eyes upon beautiful scenery, and drinking in deep draughts of pure, health-giving air, he is a pitiful sight to gaze upon. His healthy color, bright eyes, and erect, easy carriage justly arouse the indignation of the good old-fashioned American who proudly boasts that he hasn't taken a day's vacation from his business "in nine years, sir." How does the debauched bicycle-rider ever expect to become rich and powerful and stingy and dyspeptic, and, in fact, a worthy citizen of this glorious commercial country in which he is fortunate enough to exist, if he disregards the American golden rule that the pocket should never be sacrificed to health?

The soul-destroying effects of carrying a walking-stick are so generally known that it is strange the legislature has not made this habit a criminal offense long ago.

The fact of the matter is that it is high time the old sumptuary laws were revived, and nothing short of such a revival will prevent the youth of the country from leading healthy and independent lives, instead of following the ancient and honorable calling of money-grabbing.

C. V. TEIXEIRA.

A TENNESSEE NEGRO who died of general debility was turned over to the doctors, and a post-mortem revealed a score of shirt-buttons in his stomach. We are not surprised. A man's shirt-buttons are almost never where they ought to be.

A POET SINGS: "I see the flush upon thy cheek." If this is the case, that poet would do well to lay down his hand, unless he can beat it.

Puckerings.



SHE is pretty as a fairy,  
And her voice is soft and low,  
And her chatter light and airy  
Like a babbling stream doth flow.  
As she walks the long verandas  
Of our watering-place hotel,  
All the rustic Jane Amandas  
Wish that *they* could be so swell.  
And her presence is so sunny,  
As she flits about the place,  
You 'd suppose the bees for honey  
Would go hunting on her face.  
And you think, if she 'd invite you  
Just to call on her in town,  
How immensely 't would delight you—  
That 's  
Mrs. Brown.

As your eyes in admiration  
Trace her sitting here and there,  
You are lost in speculation  
Not unmingled with despair  
O'er the happiness unbounded  
That the lucky Brown has got,  
And you wish the chap confounded  
When you think what you have *not*.  
Oh, she 's very, very pretty—  
Yet, my friend, there's not a case  
Of scandal, gossip witty,  
Or the like, around the place,  
Not a case of wicked chatter,  
When you come to sift it down,  
But you'll find that *she 's* the matter—  
It 's  
Mrs. Brown.

CHINAMEN now steal and eat pet poodles. After all, the almond-eyed heathen is beginning to be of use.

IT SEEMS strange that the female canary cannot sing; but the miraculous part of it is that she does not attempt to.

THE REPUBLICAN postmaster of a Pennsylvania town, who is being tried for burglary, seems to be more of a defensive than an offensive partisan.

SOME ONE has written a book entitled "The Childish Mind." We have heard of the childish mind, but we have had more experience with the "childish disobey."

AS A RULE, the men who hired substitutes during the war are the men who still wave the bloody shirts. Their substitutes seem to have forgotten to tell them that the war is ended.

JOHN C. FREMONT says he camped where Chicago now is before a house was built there. General Fremont is probably the only man now living who has ever seen Chicago where there was no mortgage on the place.

MCDANIELS, the Texas desperado, who has just finished robbing fifty stages, declares that he is not worth two hundred dollars. Mr. McDaniels should have turned his attention to sleeping-cars, if he wanted to amass riches. Very few sleeping-car porters are as poor as that.

THE LATEST CRAZE—CARRYING AROUND LAWN-TENNIS RACKETS.



WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW IS, WHERE DO THEY ALL PLAY?

## PLAYTHINGS.

I have often thought that an interesting article might be written on playthings. Not an article describing the various pretty toys that come out from time to time—for that, after all, would be nothing more than a dealer's catalogue—but an article describing some of the things that serve to amuse children, yet which were never intended for toys, or as substitutes for toys.

There is nothing curious in the fact that a boy derives keen enjoyment in the possession of a railroad that comes complete in a box. It is very natural that he should pass the time pleasantly while laying the tracks, or drawing the cars over them, while puffing violently with his mouth in imitation of the locomotive. Or it is not remarkable that he should experience the keenest transports of joy while manipulating the gaudy tin steamboat, made to wind up like a clock and sail on the carpet.

But it does seem strange that children can be satisfied with playthings that are only playthings in their imaginations. A child has frequently been known to derive pleasure from a piece of coal. There is nothing in a piece of coal to suggest the toy; it is even unpleasant to handle; yet the child of a poor person knows no such thing as monotony while idly passing a piece of coal from one hand to the other, or rolling it on the floor. Spools are also a source of great delight to poor children. They will take a string of them and use them for a necklace, or twist them violently about in the air as a weapon of defense. If only one or two spools can be obtained, they are usually put in a tomato-can with other things, and wildly shaken or stirred up.

It is not at all strange that pretty shells and pebbles from the seashore should be used as playthings, inasmuch as they are endowed with a natural beauty that justifies it. But it is a little queer that a boy will cry as though in great pain when a door-knob or a carving-knife is taken away from him. It seems impossible to understand what attraction little medicine-bottles can have; yet a child who has never known the luxury of an army of tin soldiers, or a walking-doll with gold hair, and a bisque head in which the eyes revolve, will sit on the floor and scream with delight over the bottles that formerly contained ipecac and castor oil. Noise

is often the thing by which a child gauges pleasure. Noise is the harmony of childhood. A chair-rung drawn along a picket-fence produces about as discordant an effect as anything I can think of. Yet, when a boy is performing one of these rude runs, he is so happy that he has to shout and whistle; but he would jump out of a window and risk his bones to escape practising on the piano.

I used to live in a neighborhood in which there was a boy who had attained such proficiency in the art—if it may be called an art—of whistling on a blade of grass held between his thumbs, that I used to fancy property in that section would never increase in value until that boy stopped—living. He would come around and linger in front of the house, and make more noise than a peacock or a milkman. I used to watch him intently, so that, when his cheeks became inflated until his eyes and nose were almost hidden from view, preparatory to blowing on the grass-blade, I might stop my ears in time to escape the rude shriek that was sure to follow.

The only time that boy wasn't blowing on the grass during the day was when he was standing on his hands against the fence across the street. It was a cruel fate to wish even a boy; but at this day, as I gaze across the long-flown years upon the fiend—for he was nothing else—I cannot feel a pang of shame or sorrow on recalling the wish I often expressed that some time, when standing on his hands against the fence, his arms might suddenly give way and let him down with sufficient force to break his neck.

It seems too bad that children, however poor their parents may be, should be obliged to get their pleasure out of playthings that are not playthings. A string of buttons is not a purple monkey that jumps nervously up and down a yellow stick, and a bunch of keys is not a hobby-horse with a painted smile and white mane nailed on his neck, that it may stand plenty of mauling without coming off. But, after all, the rich boy may have his Noah's Ark, and his iron frog that jumps in a very unfrog-like fashion, and a thousand other things that go to make childhood sunny, yet he secretly envies the poor playthingless boy whose prerogatives are to smoke, go bare-footed, and leave school for business at the tender age of twelve.

R. K. M.

## 'T WAS BUT A DREAM.



SWIGGLES SLEEPS AND IMAGINES HE HAS A SEAT "ALL TO HIMSELF" IN A BROADWAY CAR.

## HE FELT HURT.



He was old and bent. His form had seen the storms of fifty winters at least, and as he sat by the roadside with his head bowed upon his arms, he looked the picture of misery without company. He was only a tramp; but his dejected air showed that he was suffering from some sorrow perhaps too deep for words. A kind-hearted pedestrian, passing by, approached him.

"Say, old man," he said: "you look pretty badly broken up."

"Yes," replied the tramp: "I feel sad—there's no getting around that."

"What's the matter? Wasn't the cream fresh that you had in your coffee this morning?"

"Oh, yes. I've had better; but it was good enough."

"Somebody been trying to work off a silk hat two years out of style on you?"

"No, it's not that."

"What then? Has some fellow who has always kept a pug bought a mastiff?"

"Oh, worse than that."

"Then," said the stranger, edging away as if afraid of an outburst of ungovernable wrath from the tramp: "some one must have offered you dry bread."

"No, that's not it."

"Well, what on earth is the trouble?"

"My friend," said the tramp, slowly raising his eyes, and heaving a long, tremulous sigh: "I went this morning to a house where they used to keep two bull-dogs and a shot-gun, and instead of bringing them out, they invited me in, and tried to rope me into eating some bread covered with rat-poison. It's an insult to the profession, that's what it is, and I'm hurt."

"FEW MEN have honest convictions," says some one. This does not trouble us as much as the fact that so many men have dishonest acquittals.

A CALIFORNIA PAPER says that the hog-cholera has made its appearance at Napa. Under these circumstances the man who rides on a free-pass and occupies two seats, one for his baggage and one for his feet, had better give Napa a wide berth.

"IT TOOK a thirteen-dollar 'cablegram' to announce that the Emperor of Germany kissed the Emperor of Austria at a recent meeting." That is a pretty high charge. But the man who paid it can console himself that he got off cheaper than the Emperor did.

WHAT IS the use of sending missionaries to the African cannibals when such advertisements as the following are boldly exposed in Detroit newspapers?

WANTED—SITUATION BY FIRST-CLASS woman-cook.



## CRITICISM.

*Extract from the "Art Universe."*

"Mr. Alpheus James-Jones is now absent from the city, but before leaving he invited us to visit his studio and examine his unfinished picture. We accepted his invitation and visited the studio last evening in company with a couple of art critics. Mr. James-Jones's unfinished "Minerva" will make a hit. It will be completed within two months and put on exhibition. The face is severely classic and minutely faithful to mythological tradition, and the popular ideal of ancient literature. The back-ground and *entourage* are in admirable harmony with the spirit of the design. The visage is full to overflowing with the majesty of divine repose, and the whole figure reproduces with startling vividness the antique ideal of incarnate wisdom and power. The painting will be Apellesque in its exquisite finish and elaborate details. The head alone will be a profound study and a brilliant artistic triumph. It is truly Milletic in its far-away, dreamful and filmy suggestiveness; and only those possessing artistic insight and impulse will be able to follow the young painter through all the labyrinthine entanglements of creative conception that sparkle like gems all through the picture. At first sight, the art critics thought there was an unlucky masculine massiveness about the figure; but this idea faded away on close study. This triumph of Mr. James-Jones is one which appeals strongly to the local pride of our art critics, and which will be intensely gratifying to the whole community."

*(Note from the Studio.)*Editor *Art Universe*—Dear Sir:

I have just returned, and have read your critical note about the picture. The painting represents "Apollo," and not "Minerva"! How in the name of heaven did you make such a mistake? What can be done to remedy it? Answer in haste.

Yours, etc.,

A. JAMES-JONES.

Office *Art Universe*.

Alpheus James-Jones, Esq.—Dear Sir:

Yours received. I am grieved beyond expression, and don't know how the matter can be remedied. The art critics said it was "Minerva," and they misled me, besides infiltrating me with ideas for critical mention. Suppose you let it stand as "Minerva"? As such it would not strain popular credulity as much as it would as "Apollo." Besides, the critical dictum of our columns has gone forth, and our reputation must be considered. I think the work will make a hit as "Minerva." Suppose you let it stand that way?

Yours in haste,

ED. *Art Universe*.

J. A. MACON.

## EASILY SATISFIED.

"Don't you find it rather lonely up there?" asked the widow of her late husband through the medium.

"Yes. I haven't seen a person for a week, but I enjoy it. It reminds me so much of dear Philadelphia."

## TROCHES.

MR. BLAINE says that "Grant was greatest in the field." This is not expert evidence, we believe.

"CAN ANY one suggest a sure preventive of sea-sickness?" asks an exchange. Certainly; stay on shore.

RIEL HAS eternally dashed all his chances for a pardon by intimating that he intends to lecture as soon as he regains his liberty.

SOME BOYS, while digging for clams at Long Branch, discovered a glass eye, cork leg and wig on the edge of the beach. It is believed that some juvenile actress must have been drowned near the place.

A LOCAL CONTEMPORARY which shines for all thinks that the President is rather jealous of the Vice-President. We don't blame him. Any hard-working man has a perfect right to be jealous of another who has no responsibility, and whose hardest labor is to draw his salary.

"SAY, CHARLIE, old chappie, don't you think Newport is awfully slow?"

"Ya-as, deah boy."

"Let's go down to Long Branch."

"Oh no, old man, I couldn't do that. I always feel as if I were dead when I'm in Long Branch, don't ye know?"

"How's that?"

"It's so much like the New Jerusalem."

A Few People that PUCK would Like to See Taking a Vacation—But it is Too Good Ever to Come True.



The Female Book-Agent.



The Life-Insurance Agent.



The Plumber.



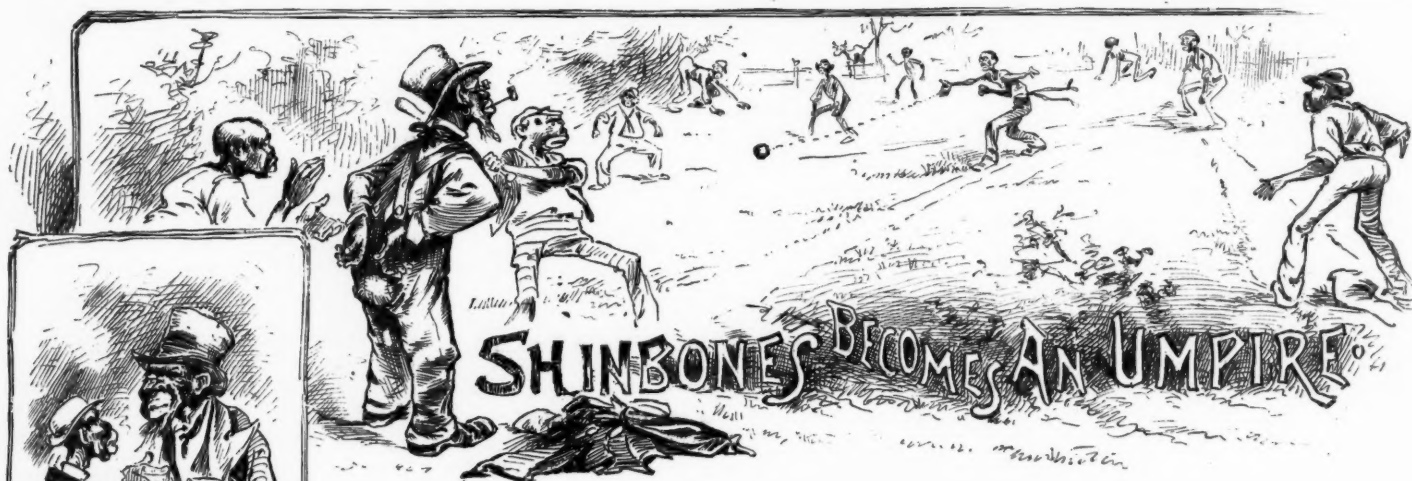
The Organ-Grinder.



The Female Autograph Fiend, and—



the Man who asks: "Is it hot enough for you?"



"I hain't so young ez I use ter was; dat's so, chile, dat's so."

The speaker was Brother Shinbones Smith, once president of the now defunct Anti-Chicken-Stealing Society of Hoboken, and he was speaking to his young friend Peter Maguff.

"I 'spects," said Peter: "dat's de troof. But, gorramighty! Brudder Shinbone, you must 'a' b'en inter a riot er sumfin' fur ter git sich a bunged-up face."

"No, chile, 'twa'n't no riot."

"Wot war it, den?"

"Jess a plain, or'nary game o' base-ball."

"Wal, wal, wal! Tole me 'bout it, Brudder Shinbone."

And Peter composed himself to listen to the story of his aged friend.

"I war goin' down by de medders dis mawnin'," began Shinbones: "an' I seed a hul lot o' boys a-gettin' ready fur a game o' ball. I sez ter myse'f, sez I, dat I'd go fur ter see some o' dat game. W'en I got dar dey war a-tryin' fur ter git some feller ter be humpire, but none o' de fellers would dass ter do it. So dey up an' dey axed me. I 'lowed dat I war a leetle out o' practice on humpirin', seein' dat I hadn't seed a game o' ball fur 'bout sebben yeahs, but dey said fur ter go ahead, so I jess up an' went. De fuss man wot went ter de bat hit a ball ter de shawt-stop, an' de shawt-stop frowned it ter fust, an' I 'lowed dat de man war out. De man said he warn't. I tole him dat he didn't hab nuffin' ter say 'bout it, 'case I war de humpire. Wal, we had a few words an' said one t'ing an' 'nudder, an' de feller gib in an' sat down right neah de home-base. De nex' man come up an' called fur a low ball. De pitcher sent in a hot one, an' I called one strike. Den de odder feller wot I'd put out says:

"Shoot de humpire!"

"Wal, I didn't pay no 'tention ter him, but jess watched de ball.

De pitcher sent in anodder good one, an' I called two strikes. Den de man at de bat turned aroun' an' sez he ter me, sez he:

"Wot's de mattah wid yo', yo' durned ole cantinkorous niggah?"

"Dar hain't nuffin' de mattah wid me," sez I ter he, sez I: "but dar am two strikes onter yo'."

"Yas, an' dis am de odder one," sez he.

"An' wid dat he up an' pasted me on de top o' de head wid de bat. Dat hurt my feelin's, Petah. I nebber had a man hit me wid a base-ball bat befoah, an' it mawtified me, dat's what it did, an' I tole him not ter do it ag'in or I'd seriously object. He said he wouldn't ef I didn't call no moah strikes onter him. So I jess lit in an' called balls onter de pitchah. I seed dat de pitchah didn't like it berry well, but wot war I ter do? De odder feller war right dar wid de bat, so I gabe him his base on balls. Den de pitchah slammed de ball down on de groun' an' sez he ter me, sez he:

"I s'pose yo' t'ink I hain't got nuffin' ter do but ter stan' out heah all day an' peg dis ball fur yore amusement."

"I tole him dar war no use ob gettin' riled. I'd got ter call balls or strikes, an' wile de odder feller war layin' fur me wid de bat dey war gwine fur ter be balls ebberry time. Den de nex' man came up ter de bat. He looked at me an' felt de lump on my head, hefted up de bat an' sez he wanted a low ball. De pitchah gabe him one, an' I called one ball. Den de pitchah got de ball, an' de nex' time he let 'er drive right at me. I tried ter dodge, but she caught me right undah de lef' eye an' knocked me clean off'n my legs. Den, Petah, I lost my tempah. I'm sorry fur ter say it, but I got hoppin', b'ilin' mad. I grabbed de feller wot had hit me wid de bat, an' I gabe him a sling aroun' by his legs. His head hit de pitchah in de shin an' knocked him senseless. Den I picked up de bat, an' I weltd aroun' till I had laid ebberry niggah flat. Den I put de ball in my pocket an' declared de game forfeited by a scoah ob nine ter nuffin', an' lef' de groun's. An' w'en I ondertake ter humpire anodder game o' base-ball, it'll be w'en chickens am so skeerce dat I can't make a libbin' widout wuckin' fur 't."

W. J. HENDERSON.

## ADVICE RIGHT IN SEASON.

No, John, never make love in a hammock. It is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked—we mean the hammock.

We know a young man, John, a very young man, who once undertook to pop the question in a hammock. He had been in the habit of sitting in that hammock every evening with that same girl, and he finally mustered up courage to speak right out to her. It was a beautiful June evening, and the moon was just beginning to shed a silvery radiance and a soft, seductive, how-came-you-there influence over the scene. The young man had one arm around the young lady's waist, and he said to her:

"Jane, don't you think it would be very nice to have a strong arm around you always, as it were, to support you in times of adversity and embrace you in hours of prosperity, to guard you against sudden dangers, to keep you, while on the thorny path of life, from stumbling and falling—"

And then there was a snap like that of a fire-cracker, the hammock went down, and the young lady turned two back-somersaults in the air and landed on her nose, damaging that

shapely organ so that she couldn't leave the house for two weeks afterward. And when she did, John, she never spoke to that young man again. And she never sat in a hammock again, but had her love-making attended to by a reliable young man who sat on a three-legged stool.

That's why we advise you to put not your trust in hammocks, John. We've been there, John. *Sabe?*

## HE TOOK THE HINT.

"How much salary are you getting now?" asked an inquisitive and gossipy young scribe, addressing an old veteran of the newspaper he was on.

"I am now receiving seventy-three dollars and fifteen cents a week, including my board, a bottle of champagne at dinner, all my expenses, cigars, sixteen suits of clothes a year, a trip to Europe in the summer, and no night-work. On the whole, I cannot complain; but why do you ask?"

The question was not answered, as the youngster had stood not upon the order of his going, but gone.

## GORE AND MOLASSES.

INDIANAPOLIS HAS a new paper called *The Minute*. Most of the jokes are second-hand.

THE BOSTON papers are commenting on the fact that a boy who sold some of his father's furniture, in the absence of his parents, received exactly the same sentence as a man who nearly killed his wife. That may have been all right. Perhaps the furniture was new.

"CLAMS TO the number of a dozen or so fell from a clear sky at Mankato, Minn., recently." This offsets the story from Iowa, where a tenderloin beef-steak and fried potatoes, cooked to a turn, fell, last week, from a clear sky. It is a cold day when Minnesota is left.

GENERAL MAHONE recently wrote to some one who was foolish enough to ask for a sketch of his life: "Dear Sir—I am at present too busy making history to write it." That was very discourteous. It would have been just as easy to have asked him to wait until after the coming election, when he will have finished his job.



## MY SHOES.—A CURSORY GLANCE THROUGH THE CLOSET.

As I open the closet-door, I am confronted by all the shoes I possess. They are arranged along the wall side by side, like so many soldiers, and all the mates are together. There are no two pairs alike, or in the same condition. Some are low, some are high, some are too new to wear with comfort, some are too old to wear at all, and are only waiting to be given away in charity, or thrown after a bridal-couple.

They look like so many dusty veterans, as they stand there along the wall in the dark closet. As the light strikes them they smile, for every break seems a grin. If they could speak, they would no doubt relate pleasant histories, which could only be discordant in case the rights didn't agree with the lefts. But they cannot speak, although they have tongues; and truly do I rejoice thereat, for if they could speak, they would no doubt frequently tell unnecessary tales of my wanderings, and thereby disturb the domestic peace and harmony. We have been about a great deal together, and they are to me like old friends that never wear out.

The Oxford-ties in the corner bring back the summer of '81. Their heels are run over so much that they can't stand up straight. I remember well when I ran those heels over, and I also remember the girl I walked along the shore with when the beauty of those shoes was utterly destroyed. They were so tight that I had to put them on with a horn, and as for dancing in them, that was impossible. The shoes had a bad wheeze, which was always chronic. Whenever I walked into a church, or any other public place, with the girl above mentioned, the creak of those shoes would distract the worshipers from their prayers long enough to let them see that we were together, and to exchange glances which would say: "Ha, ha; I told you so," etc. I can recollect very well how I placed those shoes against the piazza-railing, and tipped back on the hind-legs of the chair, when no one was around, and rocked myself far out of this rude commercial world. Yet when I gaze upon the shoes, they bring back the romping laugh and the dimpled features of dear '81, the summer-girl who is at present filling some other life with music and sunshine.

Next to the Oxford-ties, whose sentimental history covers a period of just one summer, I note my first pair of tennis-shoes. They revive all the arguments that were brought to bear in favor of my joining a club. I was told I needed the exercise to reduce my weight and keep me in good condition. Various young ladies offered to teach me to play, and make me acquainted with all the mysteries of the game. Of course I yielded. What else could I do? So I purchased the shoes I now see before me, and invested in a pair of Knickerbockers.

The first time I played I kept my opponent so busy that he soon became exhausted. What kept him busiest was climbing over the fence after the ball, for it was seldom that I served or returned it in the court. I generally sent it flying through the trees into the next field. There was more satisfaction in hitting in every direction than in winning games. It was also pleasant sitting under the spreading trees—all trees in the country spread—on the rude board seat, talking airy nonsense to the dear little specimen of sweet seventeenth in the navy-blue hand-

kerchief and Jersey and bed-ticking skirt. I suppose many of these bucolic pleasantries have melted into the rubber soles of these canvas shoes; and I feel certain that if burned they would fill the house with a subtle fragrance.

The dancing-pumps stand where they belong—under the dress-suit that is suspended from the nail directly above them. Every time the wind stirs the trousers, the pumps seem uneasy, as though they fancy the trousers are dancing to some weird wind-waltz, because the wind has a musical notation of its own, and it is apt to strike up in waltz-time now and then, especially when the leaves go whirling along in jolly eddies in the autumn, like so many mad red-and-yellow-decorated dancers at a masquerade. And as the trousers-legs move, the pumps seem to think they are waltzing, and they appear sad because they cannot join in. I can remember one winter evening, when sitting half asleep in an easy-chair after dinner, soothed by the strains of some soft dreamy waltz, these pumps would steal out and dance all over the rug in front of the fire-place, and then glide under the table and around the chairs without making a sound; and after the waltz stopped they would scamper to the closet, and I would open my eyes wide only to find them in their accustomed place. If they had the same sense of fatigue that I have, the amount of dancing they have done with me in them would last them forever.

I wonder if they remember pretty Miss Minnie, whose last name I am not at liberty to mention? We were partners at many a German. I have not the slightest doubt but that they do, and I also feel certain that if I could somehow get into my possession that dainty pair of high-heeled slippers that Miss Minnie danced in, and place them beside my pumps in the closet, they would dance no more on winter evenings, but stand close together for all time in a perfectly satisfactory solitude.

The brogans next the pumps have a heavier and more philosophic look. We have taken

many a walk together over the hills and through the woods. They bring back to my mind pleasant memories of rambles through blooming orchards, and meadows yellow with golden-rod. Miles and miles we have gone in all kinds of weather. They always kept my feet dry, and never pinched me to let me know of their fatigue. They have never come in contact with slippery things that would be apt to throw me. I look upon both of them as constant friends, and they shall never be cast out. They were made to order, and cost ten dollars. As yet I do not know their nationality; but I am going to find out some time. On the still winter evenings when the pumps waltz, I shall have the music changed to a Virginia reel, or a minuet, and if they venture out in response to either, I shall know whether they are American cow-hide or French calf.

Next to the brogans with the heavy thick soles and the low flat heels are my slippers. I am not going to say where I got them, or who embroidered them. But when the winds blow without, and the sparks scamper up the dark chimney, and the sticks of hickory glow fitfully on the sombre brass dogs, they are very pleasant companions. I can step into them and kick them off at will, and I often wish that all other things in life fitted as easy. Such a thing has been known as a man getting too big for his boots, but no man ever gets too big for his slippers. The larger the slippers grow the better they seem to fit, and the more comfort you can get out of them. If they could tell their history, it would be fragrant with cigarette-smoke and steaming punch; it would be musical with Strauss and Waldteufel, and every syllable would breathe home and happiness. And probably their best paragraph would be:

"And now that I am aged, won't you please have new soles put on me? I am all full of holes, and don't want to catch cold."

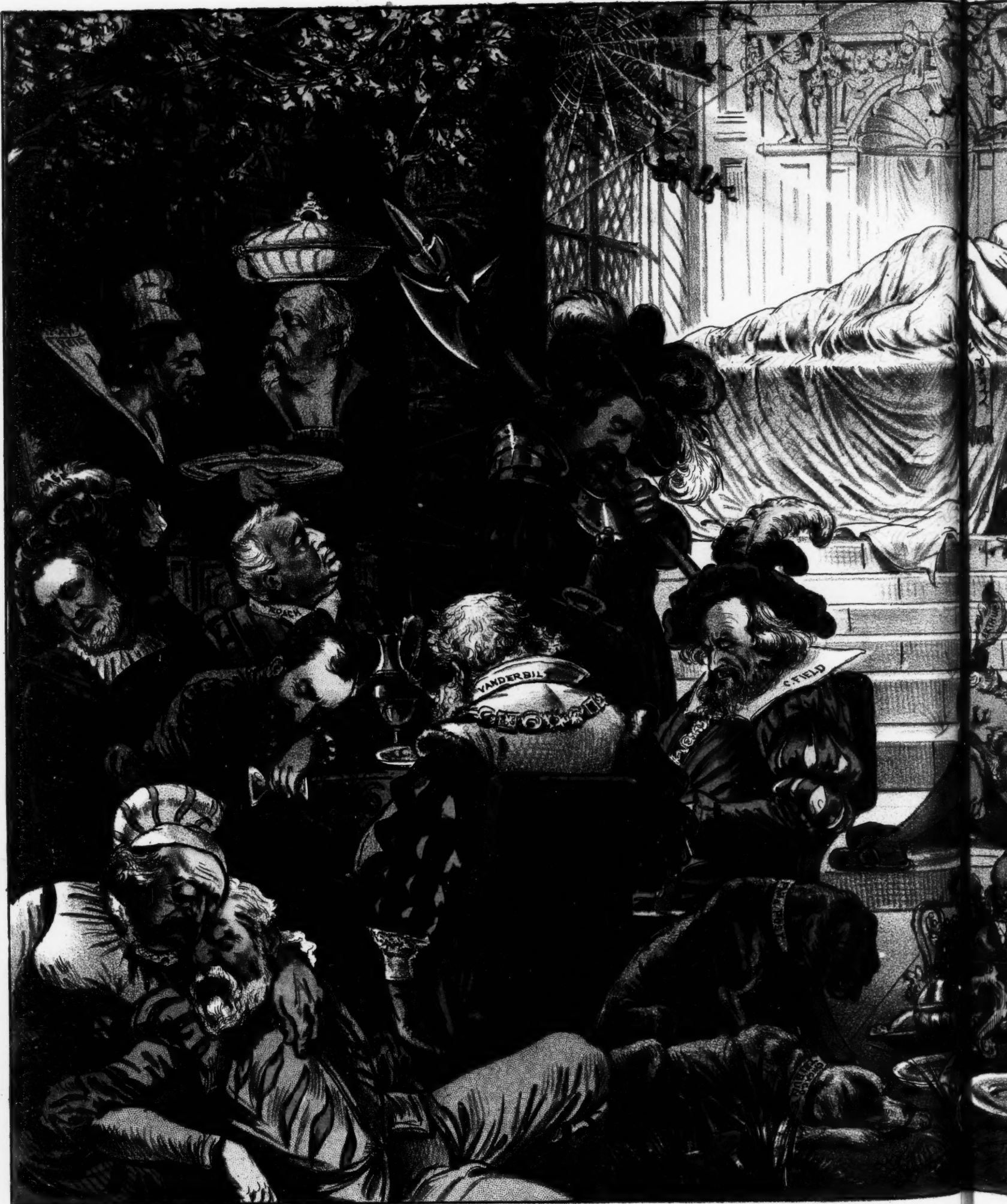
Next come my blue-check uppers. But they are not shoes.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

## DESPERATION.



SHE.—"Dennis, did yez hear the news? Mulligan has hung himself in the barn!"  
HE.—"Begorra, thin, if there's any rope left, bring it in here to me!"



# "THE SLEEPING

She Bungled with the Civil-Service Reform Disaff, and So All He





LENG PARTY."

and So All Her Court were Condemned to Sleep for ——— Years.

## ABOUT BORES.

The subject of bores being under discussion, I once heard a clergyman say that, in his opinion, the man who persists in imparting advice to people who have not asked for it, and who do not want it, should be sawed up and utilized as stove-wood.

The clergyman did not give any excuse for advocating such an absurdly mild punishment for this prince of bores, the chronic advisor.

Possibly the bore who persists in giving advice does not annoy the journalist any more than he does supreme judges, senators, and other persons in the humbler walks of life; but the journalist is kept so busy that he suffers more from the bore than does anybody else.

Whenever two or three men meet on the sidewalk, or in the saloon, there is certainly not less than one advisor in the midst of them. He is the most numerous bore in the business, and his chief delight is to take an editor aside, and give him advice how to manage his paper at the very crisis when the foreman comes in and says the printers are waiting for copy.

"Why don't you shake him off?" I hear a reader ask. Nobody ever yet shook off the chronic advisor who understood the business. He is among men what the devil-fish is among the finny tribe. When he hooks one of his gutta-percha tentacles, compared with which the traditional hooks of steel are weak and flabby, an earthquake cannot shake him off, or impede his flow of eloquence. Thrusting an army-size revolver down his throat and firing it off a few consecutive times might possibly make him stutter a little, but it would not cause him to stop giving advice. He might change the subject, and proceed to give the victim advice about handling fire-arms, but he would not stop talking, even if he were killed. The chronic advisor would be loquacious as a remains, and while being laid out would give some pointers to the undertaker. When he has once succeeded in button-holing his victim, he holds on like a Republican office-holder. He never lets go.

The chronic advisor is usually a middle-aged man, and he is a perambulating cornucopia, replete with sage counsel. He is plethoric with oracular admonitions. In fact, he is dropsical with wisdom; but instead of being tapped, he goes about tapping others—on the shoulder; and having once secured their attention, he begins by saying: "My dear sir, allow me as a friend to give you a little advice—"

His generosity in bestowing advice knows no limits, and the strangest thing about him is that the more advice he gives away the more he seems to have on hand. He seems to think, to use a Wall Street phrase, that he is long on advice, while all his acquaintances are short, and he is really doing them a favor by unloading on them.

The chronic advisor has a twin-brother, who is, if possible, a still worse bore. I refer to the man who never does anything without consulting his friends and getting their advice. This style of fiend might be called the chronic advisee, to coin a word. He never imparts advice; but he takes a tired man, an editor, for instance, away from his work, and insists on the editor telling him, the chronic advisee, what he shall do to cure an ingrowing toe-nail, or how to plant cabbages. Occasionally the exasperated man loses patience, and then the advisee becomes the kicke; but even then he will want to know what you paid for your boots.

If the chronic advisor, who yearns to impart advice, were to tackle the chronic advisee, who is anxious to have advice imparted, then the unities would be preserved, and other people would live longer; but that is precisely what these twin fiends never do. They carefully

## ANYTHING TO GET ELECTED.

NEW STYLE OF ELECTIONEERING IN VIRGINIA.



IF THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA CONTINUES TO USE THE ABOVE DODGE TO CATCH COLORED VOTES—



THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE WILL ALSO HAVE TO ADOPT SIMILAR TACTICS.

avoid each other. It even happens that both of them drop into a newspaper office at the same time, and then the editor is between the upper and the lower mill-stone, or, to use a technical term, between the two blades of the assistant editor, as the scissors are humorously called.

If the advisor and the advisee were to "go for" each other, it would not make much difference to the general public whether Roderigo bored Cassio, or *vice versa*. The continued prevalence of these two styles of bores shows how ridiculously insufficient are the laws to protect human life.

ALEXANDER E. SWEET.

"THERE ARE more ways than one to kill a cat," saith an ancient adage. This is certainly true; but it is equally true that when a man starts out to terminate the earthly career of a cat, he has need of all the different methods.

## Answers for the Anxious.

J. L. V.—No. No. No.

WADDELL.—Your chestnuts are sleeping in the wastebasket.

R. SMITH.—No, Diogenes was not the inventor of oilymargarine; but No. 418 of the English PUCK will be bought at this office at twenty-five cents per copy. In mailing please roll lengthwise.

J. BAKER, Atchison, Kansas.—If a cyclone were to catch you up in its fell embrace and drop you in the most retired part of the howling wilderness—we grieve to say it, Baker, but you never would be missed.

JUANITA.—Rose-tinted paper and a monogram in four colors are all very well in their way; but they don't help your poetry out to any noticeable extent. And tying up a manuscript with blue ribbon doesn't set the shining seal of genius on a poet, Juanita. Try a little plain, old-fashioned merit, if you want to get on in the Keats and Shelley line of business.



## A FELINE CATASTROPHE.

It was early in the evening, and the Feline Club House on McCafferty's wood-shed roof was practically deserted.

"I wonder where Harry is to-night?" remarked a white-faced cat, who was basking in the soft rays of the full moon in one corner of the roof.

"I don't know," rejoined a yellow feline with clipped ears and a serried front which betokened a war-like disposition.

"He is usually here before this. Ah! here he comes! Well, Harry, what has kept you out so long to-night? The quartette has come here and gone away again, and, you remember, you promised to drill them for the concert next week."

"Don't speak to me of concerts," responded Harry, as he walked across the roof, displaying several ragged tears in his rich gray coat and a distorted visage occasioned by the temporary displacement of his right eye-lid: "They make me shudder."

"Why, Harry!" shrieked the first speaker: "What in the name of Heaven could have happened to you? Have you been fooling around a dynamite factory?"

"Nothing of the sort," answered Harry, hoarsely: "I don't exactly know how it happened myself. It is a mystery."

"Tell us all about it," cried the others.

"It was last night," continued Harry, as he made himself as comfortable as the nature of his injuries would allow: "We were up at the Woodbine Arbor on Nineteenth Street at a social entertainment given by Maud Smith in honor of a couple of her ladifriends from Hoboken. There were no refreshments, but we were to have lots of music and a little promenade after the exercises were over. I was put down for a tenor solo. There must have been thirty or forty in the company; indeed, there were so many that several had to sit on the next fence and wait for vacancies in the dress-circle. The exercises began delightfully. Miss Smith sang that charming ballad, 'The Silent World is Sleeping,' with great *éclat*, and I responded with 'Come Into the Garden, Maud,' out of compliment to her, when Tom Jones, that brindle cat from Harlem, made his appearance.

"Up to this time all was as peaceful as a pan of milk; but the moment I saw the green eyes of that cat I knew there would be trouble. Tom had been drinking a little, and I could see that he was in a bad temper. He never got over that row he had with Dick Briggs about the Fourth Ward concert. You know they always were jealous of each other, and at this concert Dick got a few more boot-jacks than Tom did. This made Tom furious, and when a bald-headed man raised his window and threw down an ivory-backed hair-brush, both Dick and Tom claimed it, and the affair broke up in a free fight, in the course of which Tom lost half his tail. He always laid this to Dick, and he swore to get even with him the

first time they met. I think, however, if Tom had been entirely sober there wouldn't have been any trouble."

"Did they come to scratches?" interrupted the white-faced cat.

"If you will let me finish, you will learn," responded Harry, with dignity: "As I was saying, the moment Tom stepped on the fence and saw Dick with his whiskers neatly trimmed and his smooth coat shining in the moonlight like satin, his back began to curve, and his stumpy tail swelled up like a feather duster.

"You see you are mistaken, Mr. Jones," answered Dick, politely but firmly, his eyes snapping with indignation, and every hair on his body erect with excitement: "and I can tell you this is no place for an intoxicated ruffian like yourself. You seem to forget there are ladies present."

"Ladies be blowed!" shouted Tom.

"Phiz! spit! wow!" returned Dick, and before any one could interfere they were so mixed up that you couldn't tell where Tom left off and where Dick began, and in less than a second the atmosphere was filled with howls and fur. The excitement was intense. Miss Smith immediately fainted and had to be carried into the adjoining yard. The two ladies from Hoboken, fearing for their lives, made their escape over the top of the fence and disappeared in the distance like the tail of a comet. In the meantime Tom and Dick rolled off the fence upon the stone pavement, and the rest of us who could be spared from the ladies followed them to the ground in order to see fair play. The conflict was inevitable, and we all thought it might as well be settled there and then. There would never be any peace in the neighborhood until it was.

"Let go of my ear!" howled Dick.

"Foul!" yelled Tom: "No biting below the belt."

"Gentlemen," I interrupted: "let us have fair play; no gouging. Let the best cat win."

"That's so!" cried the others, and we separated them and formed a ring.

"Ready?" I asked.

"There was no response, but both cats growled hoarsely.

"Go!"

"Then they went. Dick landed Tom a fearful bite in his left ear, while Tom managed to swallow several inches of Dick's tail.

"Break, gentlemen, break!" I cried, and we separated them again. Time of round, ten seconds.

"The next round Tom caught Dick's right paw neatly on the fly, and Tom retaliated by fixing his teeth in Dick's neck in fine style. Time of round, half-a-minute.

"The next round Dick was a little groggy on his feet, but Tom was as lively as a cricket. They did a little light sparring at first. Dick fought shy to recover his wind. Finally, watching his chance, he glued his teeth in the back of Tom's neck, and jumping upon him with four feet, he bit and clawed until Tom's back looked like a railroad-map of Indiana printed in red ink.

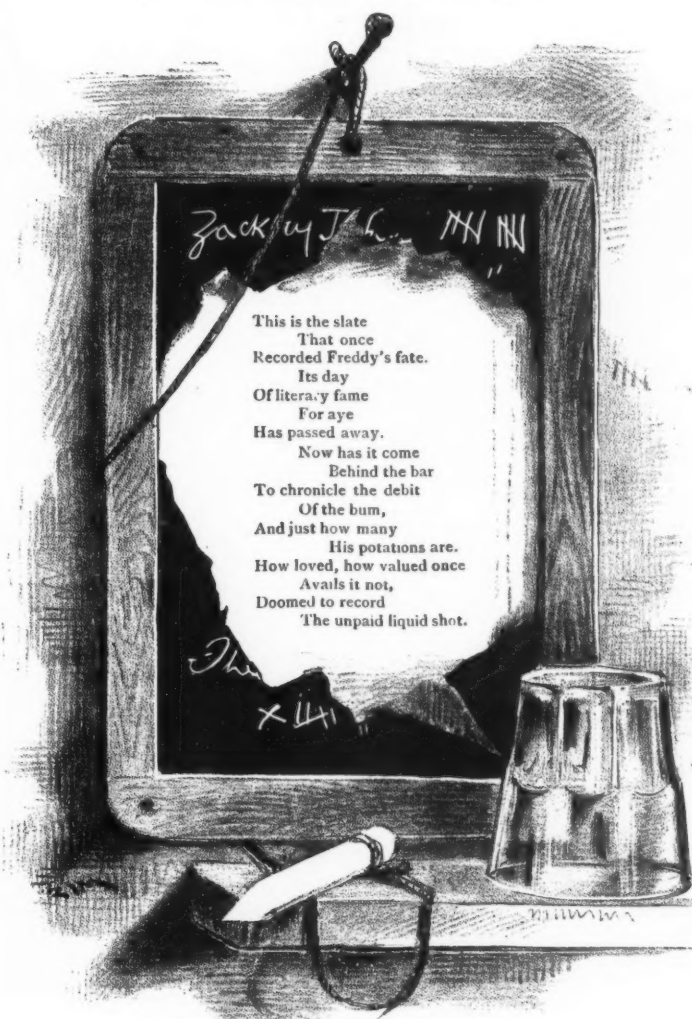
"Foul!" yelled Tom: "Wow! Let me up! Take him off! Meow! Wow!"

"Let him up!" I shouted: "Let him up, or the police will interfere. This is no slugging-match."

"Give up!" cried Dick, between scratches. "No. Never! Never!! Wow!!! W-o-w!!!!" howled Tom.

"Just at this moment, while we were all watching the ring, I heard a window raised, and

## AN OLD FRIEND



## IN HARD LUCK.

Without paying any attention to Miss Smith, who came half way across the arbor to greet him, he snarled out:

"I thought this was to be a select company."

"So it is, Mr. Jones," replied Miss Smith.

"Is it?" he snarled back: "Then why is that lop-eared New Jersey cat here?"

"Who do you mean?" answered Miss Smith, who was quite overcome by his rudeness, while the rest of us sprang to our feet to prevent any disturbance.

"Who do you suppose I mean?" he almost yelled: "Who could I mean? There is only one lop-eared cat from New Jersey here. I mean that miserable, sneaking, green-eyed Dick Briggs. Why is he here? I thought he only associated with back-alley cats."

suddenly we heard the most fearful explosion that ever occurred. The buildings trembled and the ground shook. I was knocked off my feet, and the fighters were blown over the fence into the next yard. The whole crowd suffered, I suppose, but really I didn't remain to see. I fled for my life, and never stopped until I reached the Harlem Bridge. I don't know whether any were killed or not. I only know that I have never been as badly shaken up since that Fourth of July when I made that ascent attached to the end of a sky-rocket."

"What caused it?" inquired the white-faced cat, after he had recovered from his astonishment.

"That is what I don't know; but I do know it has effectually ruined the concert business on Nineteenth Street."

"Did you hear those cats last night?" observed Mr. Wilson to Mr. Brown at breakfast-table in their boarding-house on Nineteenth Street the next morning.

"I should say I did, not being deaf," replied Mr. Brown.

"What are you going to do about them?" inquired Mr. Wilson.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Brown, with a sigh: "but I can tell you that I can't afford to throw a bottle of champagne at them every night in the week."

BENJAMIN NORTHROP.

### MR. DENNIS TELLS A DREAM.

"I had a terrible dream last night," observed Mr. Dennis to his wife the other morning.

"I should think you did."

"What did I do?" inquired Mr. Dennis.

"You flourished your arms around the bed like a threshing-machine, and yelled for help at the top of your voice."

"I'll never eat any more lobster-salad before I go to bed," said Mr. Dennis, thoughtfully.

"I should advise you not to. What was your dream?"

"I dreamed," continued Mr. Dennis: "that I went out rowing with your brother Tom. It was Sunday."

"Of course," interrupted Mrs. Dennis, impressively: "you can't expect good dreams when you dream of going boating on Sunday."

"As I was saying," resumed Mr. Dennis, without noticing the interruption: "we started out Sunday morning to have a row. We rowed down the Bay and round Coney Island Point."

"Let's go in swimming," said Tom.

"It couldn't have been Tom," again interposed Mrs. Dennis: "He doesn't know how to swim."

"Who had this dream, you or I?" replied Mr. Dennis, warmly: "I guess a man can dream what he likes to, without being contradicted every few minutes. As I was remarking, Tom asked me to go in swimming. I said I was willing, and we pulled off our clothes."

"That was simply disgusting," interrupted Mrs. Dennis for a third time: "It was not enough for you to go rowing on Sunday, but you must go in swimming at Coney Island without any bathing-clothes. I am surprised."

To this interruption Mr. Dennis made no response, save a look of deep disgust. After a pause he resumed: "As I was saying, I dreamed that we went in swimming—right off the Point. The water was colder than our soup last night at dinner, and I felt chilly."

"Of course you did. You ought to have known better. You never could stand a cold-water bath," interposed Mrs. Dennis.

"When you have finished your sage observations about my dream, I will go on," replied Mr. Dennis, with dignity: "As I was saying,

we jumped in the water and started out to swim for the beach, which was two miles away."

"I didn't know you could swim that fast," observed Mrs. Dennis, with a look of incredulity.

"I can't," responded Mr. Dennis: "neither can I tell you this dream, unless you let me go on without interrupting me forever. As I was saying, we started out. Before we got half-a-mile I felt a cramp in my arm and began to kick."

"Yes," interposed Mrs. Dennis: "I remember that part of it."

"As I was saying," resumed Mr. Dennis, after a long and pointed pause: "The cramp then left my arm and went into my legs; then I struck out and hit the water with my hands."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Dennis. It was not the water you hit," contradicted Mrs. Dennis.

"Have it your own way," replied Mr. Dennis, wearily: "As I was saying, I began to drown, and no one came to my rescue, although I shouted as loud as I could. I finally began to sink. I went down twice, and was just going down the third time when you waked me up."

"Yes," observed Mrs. Dennis, with enthusiasm: "and it was a very good thing for you that I did."

"How so?" inquired Mr. Dennis.

"You would certainly have drowned if you had gone down the third time."

### HER EXPLANATION.



"Isn't that fur cape a little unseasonable for this time of year, my dear?"

"Oh, yes, papa, p'raps it is. But I got it at a bargain, because it's August, and I'm wearing it now because they're going out of fashion next winter."

### EN ROUTE TO THE SEASIDE.

"Where are you going, my pretty, fair maid?"

"This is my station," the pretty one said:

"Here is my parasol, this is my fan,

The check for my baggage I'll find if I can."

They looked in the rack, they looked under the seat, The check it was lost, her distress was complete.

Then growled the conductor: "My pretty, fair maid, The check 's in your hand." "Oh, thank you!" she said.

"And which is your trunk, my pretty, fair maid?"

Accepting her check, the baggage-man said.

"A noble three-decker," she answered, with pride:

"A three-story Jumbo, five long and three wide."

Loud laughed the baggage-man "Ha, ha! ho, ho!

Nineteen forty-seven! West Central; B. O.!"

"My tall Saratoga," she sobbed: "how 'tis shrunk!

Here 's the check and the handle, but where is the trunk?"

—R. J. Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

\* "Bad order."

A UTICA paper reports the case of "a beautiful girl, unusually robust, who has become a raving maniac through over-indulgence in roller-skating." This is very sad. The telegraph on Monday reported the case of Rev. J. R. Speck, a preacher of Canton, Ga., who attempted to commit suicide while "deranged on the question of holiness." This is also very sad.—*Norristown Herald*.

CHICAGO papers point with pride to the claim that between the date of General Grant's death and the date of his burial Chicago raised the money necessary for a monument. By turning this money over to the fund for building a national monument above General Grant's grave, Chicago might make amends for her recent conduct toward New York.—*Buffalo Courier*.

THE Rev. Sam Jones advises us to "kick this old world as we would a rubber ball." No; guess not, Sam. We've seen the trick before, only it was done by placing a common strawberry-blond brick beneath an antiquated tile on the sidewalk. It is a pretty good trick, Samuel, but it will take only outside the city limits.—*Boston Post*.

"AND is there any cause for this man's removal?" asked the President.

"Cause for his removal!" exclaimed the astonished politician: "cause for his removal! Why, there are no less than thirteen men to whom I have promised the place! Cause for his removal? Well, I should say so."—*Boston Transcript*.

FIRST BOY—They say you are a coward, a liar, a—a—a—

SECOND BOY—Do you know what they call you?

FIRST BOY—What?

SECOND BOY—They don't call, they just whistle.—*Texas Siftings*.

ROBERT TOOMBS may pitch into Jefferson Davis all he pleases. The President of the late Confederacy is one of the safest men in the world to attack. He has not got a friend north of Mason and Dixon's line, and should not have a very great number south of it.—*Buffalo Courier*.

"THIS is my wife; she is very entertaining, and I am highly pleased with her," is the way a Natick, Mass., man, just married, introduces his wife.—*Trenton Times*.

SOME Eastern poetess asks the conundrum: "Oh, where does beauty linger?" Our office hours are 8 to 6.—*Peck's Sun*.

PUCK'S ALMANAC for 1878, 15 cents.

PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1880, 1881, 1882, 1883, 1884 and 1885, 25 cents per copy.

PUCK ON WHEELS, No. 1, 1880, No. 3, 1882, No. 4, 1883, and No. 5, 1884, 25 cents per copy.

### PICKINGS FROM PUCK,

(First Crop, Fourteenth Edition,) 25 cents.

(Second Crop, Fourth Edition,) 25 cents.

PUCK'S CAMPAIGN SERIES, 1884, \$3.75; by mail, \$4.25.

All of the above publications are still in print and will be mailed upon receipt of price. Address

OFFICE OF PUCK,

Nos. 23—25 Warren Street, New York.

### RECENT NUMBERS OF PUCK ARE NEVER OUT OF PRINT.

If your Newsdealer cannot supply you with any desired copy, you may procure it by applying to the Publishers or their General Agents,

THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY,

29 & 31 Beekman Street, New York.

### NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisements or changes of Advertisements on 12th, 13th and 14th pages of PUCK must be handed in on Wednesday before 3 P. M.

Forms of the 15th page are closed Friday at noon.



**WHEN** you want  
Ginger, don't  
ask for Jamai-  
ca Ginger or Ginger  
but ask for the

**GENUINE**  
PHILADELPHIA  
**GINGER**

MADE BY

**Frederick Brown.**

It is the **ONLY** re-  
liable and **Genuine**  
and will give relief

IN

**Cramps, Colic,**  
**Stomach-Ache**

AND ALL

**Stomach Disorders.**

**REMEMBER!**

Always **ASK FOR**

**Frederick Brown's**

**CINCER,**

THE GENUINE—PHILAD'A.



FOR  
**HAY FEVER,**

CATARH,  
AND THROAT TROUBLES.  
CURES NERVOUSNESS, HEADACHE  
AND SLEEPLESSNESS.

PRICE 50 CENTS A BOX,

At druggists' or by mail. Send for pamphlet.

ALLEN COCAINE MFG. CO., 1254 Broadway, N. Y.

**EDEN MUSÉE.**—55 West 23d Street.  
Open from 11 to 11. Sundays from  
1 to 11. — Wonderful Tableaux and Groups in Wax—Chamber of Horrors  
—Trip round the World in 600 Stereoscopic Views—Concerts in the Winter  
Garden every afternoon and evening. Admission to all, 50 cents. Chil-  
dren, 25 cents.



**COLUMBIA BICYCLES**  
AND TRICYCLES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE SENT FREE.

**THE POPE M'FG CO.,**

597 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

BRANCH HOUSES:

12 Warren Street, New York.  
115 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

THE MITTEN SHE GAVE HIM.

Oh, little glove, half worn, and frayed  
Where her light finger-tips had pressed,  
Pricked with the scars the briars made  
Where she plucked roses for her breast,  
Kissed with a fervor she ne'er guessed  
When once I found it in the glade  
Sweet as a rose, and warm, confessed  
Her little glove!

Blest be the kid that bore thee, blest  
The early doom Fate gave him, lest  
He'd grown a hoary "bock," and played  
On beer-kegs foaming in the shade,  
Oh, little glove!

—J. P. B., in *Philadelphia News*.

THE feelings of Chicago can be better im-  
agined than described as she thinks of her great  
rival, St. Louis, having such a sensation as  
Maxwell, the alleged slayer of Preller, and the  
prospect of one of the most celebrated trials in  
full view, while she, unlucky town, has nothing  
to attract public attention except some diseased  
cattle and an occasional fusillade on the streets  
by a whiskey-maddened cowboy. All this, too,  
just at a time when Chicago is talking loudest  
about her attractions as a summer resort.—  
*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

"COME here to me, you good-for-nothing!"  
exclaimed a pious farmer, addressing his son:  
"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, going  
fishing on Sunday."

"I didn't go fishin', pop. I only went down  
the lane to throw sticks at them nigger boys."

"Oh, well, that's all right, then. Recollect,  
my son, you must never violate the Sabbath."

—*Arkansaw Traveler*.

THE "prominent citizen" of St. Louis who  
has not yet shaken murderer Maxwell's hand  
should be framed and glazed to keep him fresh.  
—*Philadelphia News*.

FOR  
Spring Fever  
**BROWN'S**  
**IRON**  
**BITTERS**

At this season nearly every one needs to use some sort of tonic.  
IRON enters into almost every physician's prescription for those  
who need building up. For Weakness, Lassitude, Lack of  
Energy, &c., **BROWN'S IRON BITTERS** HAS NO  
EQUAL, and is the ONLY IRON medicine that IS NOT  
INJURIOUS. It Enriches the BLOOD, invigorates  
the system, Restores Appetite, Aids Digestion. It does  
not blacken or injure the teeth, cause headache or produce consti-  
pation—all other Iron medicines do. Genuine has above  
trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

*Behning Pianos*

Over 22,000 Now in Use. Write for Catalogue.  
WAREROOMS, 3 W. 14th ST., N. Y.

No. 418 of English "Puck" will be bought at  
this office at 25 cents per copy. In mailing please  
roll lengthwise.

THE CELEBRATED  
**SOHMER**  
PIANOS

ARE AT PRESENT THE MOST POPULAR  
AND PREFERRED BY LEADING ARTISTS.

WAREROOMS:

149, 151, 153, 155 East 14th Street, N. Y.

**SOHMER & CO.**

CHICAGO, ILL.: NO. 209 WABASH AVENUE.

**EPPS'S**

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

**COCOA**

A BEAUTIFUL HOUSE FOR \$1200



... This marvelous house has been built more than  
300 times from our plans; it is so well planned that it affords  
ample room even for a large family. 1st floor shown  
above; on 2d floor are 4 bed rooms and in attic 2 more.  
Plenty of closets. The whole warmed by one chimney.  
Large illustrations and full description of the above  
as well as of 39 other houses, ranging in cost from \$400 up  
to \$6,500, may be found in "SHOPPEL'S MODERN LOW  
COST HOUSES," a large quarto pamphlet, showing also  
how to select sites, get loans, &c. Sent postpaid on re-  
ceipt of 50c. Stamp taken, or send \$1 bill and we will re-  
turn the change. Address, BUILDING PLAN ASSOCIATION,  
(Mention this Paper.) 24 Beekman St., (Box 2702), N. Y.

AMERICAN BICYCLES  
THE CHALLENGE SAFETY AND  
IDEAL  
GORMULLY & JEFFERY  
222-224 N. FRANKLIN ST. CHICAGO, ILL.  
SEND STAMP FOR 32 PAGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE TO THE MANAGER.



**CLUETT'S**  
**CROWN COLLARS**  
AND CUFFS  
TRADE MARK.  
**MONARCH SHIRTS**  
SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS

**CANDY**

Send one, two, three or five dollars  
for a retail box, by express, of the best  
Candies in the World, put up in hand-  
some boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable  
for presents. Try it once.

Address **C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,**  
78 Madison St., Chicago.

No. 418 of English "Puck" will be bought at  
this office at 25 cents per copy. In mailing please  
roll lengthwise.

## VOLUME XVII. OF "PUCK."

Orders for bound copies of Volume XVII., which will be completed August 26th, will now be received.  
They will be made up of new copies especially reserved for this purpose, and will contain a Title-Page and Index.  
We bind our Volumes in the most approved style, the centre cartoon being brought forward, displaying each  
cartoon and the reading-matter under same in full.

Price, Bound in Cloth.....\$3.75  
Half Morocco.....4.50

## OUR BINDERY.

We will be pleased to receive orders from subscribers and the public in general who desire to have their  
own copies bound in the above style. Price, with Title-Page and Index, in Cloth, \$1.25; Half Morocco, \$2.00  
per volume (25 numbers).

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN, Publishers PUCK,

Nos. 21, 23 & 25 Warren St., New York.



### HUMILIATING ERUPTIONS ITCHING AND BURNING TORTURES

AND EVERY SPECIES OF ITCHING, Scaly, Pimply, Inherited, Scrofulous, and Contagious Diseases of the Blood, Skin, and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, from infancy to old age, are positively cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the cause.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, and restores the Hair.

CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, prepared from CUTICURA, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Chapped and Oily Skin.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c; RESOLVENT, \$1; SOAP, 25c. Prepared by the PORTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases"

### Frightful Case of a Colored Man.

I contracted a fearful case of blood poison in 1883. I was treated with the old remedies of Mercury and Potash, which brought on rheumatism and impaired my digestive organs. Every joint in me was swollen and full of pain. When I was given up to die, my physicians thought it would be a good time to test the virtues of Swift's Specific. I improved from the very first dose. Soon the rheumatism left me, my appetite became all right, and the ulcers, which the doctor said were the most frightful he had ever seen, began to heal, and by the first of October, 1884, I was a well man again.

LEM MCLENDON.

Lem McCleendon has been in the employ of the Chess-Carley Company for some years, and I know the above statement to be true.

W. B. CROSBY,

Manager Chess-Carley Co., Atlanta Division.

Atlanta, Ga., April 18, 1885.

Treatise on Blood and Skin diseases mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

N. Y., 157 W. 23d St.

### ANGLO-SWISS MILK FOOD

For Children PAST Teething.

Write us for testimonials of the medical profession regarding it.

ANGLO-SWISS CONDENSED MILK CO.

P. O. Box 3773, New-York.

### OPIUM HABIT QUICKLY CURED.

The Opium and Morphine Habits can be quickly and secretly cured at home by the perfected treatment of Dr. KANE, (late Sup't of the De Quincey Hospital, and author of several books on Opium). No pain, nervousness, or lost sleep. A certain and reliable cure, endorsed by the Medical profession. No interference with business. Sealed PAMPHLET, with charges, medical endorsements and testimonials, sent Free. Strict Privacy. Dr. H. H. KANE, 174 Fulton St., New York.

224

No. 418 of English "Puck" will be bought at this office at 25 cents per copy. In mailing please roll lengthwise.

Sit down. Keep cool. Sit on a piece of ice in the shade. Or the cellar. Wear light clothes. Or no clothes. But keep cool. You must.

Read of icebergs. And polar bears. Think of Blaine. And Logan. Wear a cabbage-leaf. Buy a palm-leaf. Bathe in ice-water. Go up in a balloon. Do anything else to keep cool, but—

Don't get mad about it. Don't worry about it. Don't fuss about it. Don't fume about it. Don't fret about it. Don't get nervous about it. Don't get excited about it. Don't stew about it. Don't rush around about it. Don't whine about it. Don't swear about it. Don't think about it. And, for heaven's sake, don't talk about it.—*Omaha Herald*.

A FOREIGN chemist—a Prof. Xerphenonexes—has discovered a fluid which, if applied to a corpse, will "gradually shrivel it up into nothingness." An observing young man, who recently returned from one of the leading watering-places, thinks that many of the fashionable young ladies who bathe there must have come in contact with some of the foreign chemist's magic fluid.—*Norristown Herald*.

KEILEY has been rejected by two governments. When the returns are all in, Keiley may be able to discount the man without a country, and beat him easily.—*Boston Transcript*.

We are pleased to notice that religious subjects are once more becoming popular with Chicago ministers.—*Chicago Mail*.

**CHOLERA, DIPHTHERIA, FEVERS, MALARIA,** prevented by the use of REED & CARNECK'S SODIUM HYPOCHLORITE (Disinfectant). Recommended by the Public Health Association as SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER DISINFECTANTS AND GERMICIDES. Sold everywhere. Send for Pamphlet, 182 Fulton St., New York.

Do not forget to add to your Lemonade or Soda ten drops of Angostura Bitters. It imparts a delicious flavor and prevents all Summer Diseases. Be sure to get the genuine Angostura, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

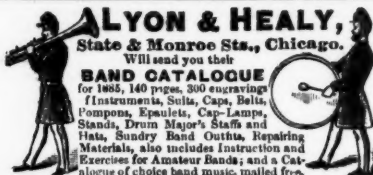
### BAUS PIANOS

In Use at the Grand Conservatory of Music

PRICES LOW. TERMS EASY.

WAREHOUSES:

58 WEST 23rd STREET, NEW YORK



No. 418 of English "Puck" will be bought at this office at 25 cents per copy. In mailing please roll lengthwise.

### QUAKER CHILL-CAKE CURES MALARIA!

AND CHILLS AND FEVER.

Superior to Quinine and all other Remedies.

It will quickly and absolutely cure Malaria, Ague, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. It is in the form of a cake, to be eaten just as if it were a cake for refreshment. Pleasant to take and perfectly safe. Relief experienced within twenty-four hours. It acts gently and agreeably upon the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels, hence upon the blood, effectually removing the cause of the disease.

Quaker Chill-Cake is pronounced by those who have used it the most efficacious remedy ever known. A trial will convince the most skeptical. Price, One Dollar, by mail. Further information, circular, and testimony free. Address,

GROFF & CO., 1520 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

232

**DENTAL OFFICE OF**  
Philippine Dieffenbach-Truchsess,  
NO. 162 WEST 23D STREET, Bet 6th and 7th Aves., N. Y.



122

### For Summer Wear.

Our New

SERGES, MOHAIRS, PLAIDS, CHECKS, and  
DIAGONALS.

Finest Assortment in the City.

Suits to order from \$20.00

Pants " " " 5.00

Samples and Self-measurement Rules Mailed on Application.

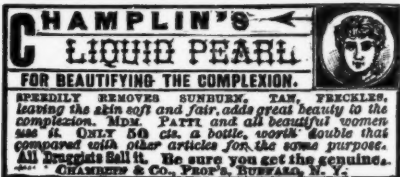


141 to 151 Bowery

and

Broadway & 9th Street,

Opposite Stewart's, New York.



No. 418 of English "Puck" will be bought at this office at 25 cents per copy. In mailing please roll lengthwise.



MAILED TO ANY PART OF THE UNITED STATES OR CANADA ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.



THE cattlemen must go. It is sad to think of hurting the feelings of those who have quietly taken possession of millions of acres of the public domain through the instrumentality of the barbed-wire fence. But men of such broad ideas and boundless generosity (to themselves) ought to overlook, in the fullness of their hearts, such a little thing as having their plans interfered with. They should be thankful that they have been warned before the sin of covetousness became chronic and much harder to overcome.—*Boston Times*.

"PLEASE will you give me a piece of ice for my father? He's sick," said a little girl to the driver of an ice-cart, the other day.

"What's your father sick of, sissy?" asked the driver, as he broke a chunk from a cake with a pick and gave it to the girl.

"Please, sir, he's sick of the heat," she replied, as she walked away.—*Boston Courier*.

LYDIA THOMPSON will come to this country again to play in opéra-bouffe. The files of the leading papers for the Winter season of 1832 speak of her performances very highly.—*Philadelphia Press*.

MEN have their little sanctities. It is a brave fellow who sharpens a lead-pencil at the gilt-lettered end.—*The Current*.

"ALL I want is justice," said the tramp.

"Three months," said the justice.—*Philadelphia Call*.

#### A Remarkable Fact in Court Records.

Patriotic people, advocating public good, often quote court statistics to show promoting sources of crimes committed. Telling shafts are frequently shot at assailable points in the distilled beverage trade, by tracing infractions of law and morality directly to the debasing effect of vicious goods unscrupulously sold by avaricious dealers. The strictest investigation among all court records discloses the remarkable fact that not a single breach of law or morals has ever been tangibly inspired or abetted by the many millions of bottles of DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY that have been sold and consumed. The reason is obvious. First, it is absolutely free from all residuum of deadly poisons found in ordinary liquors, which excite frenzy, create morbid cravings and beget depraved appetites. Second, it is the most scientific concentration of the nutritious and tonic qualities of the finest barley, and quite as beneficial for universal use as the best bread that ever came from honest baker's oven. All reliable druggists and grocers will furnish it.

## BOKER'S BITTERS

The Oldest and Best of all  
STOMACH BITTERS,  
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.  
To be had in Quarts and Pints.  
L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor.  
78 John Street, New York.

WITH

\$5

YOU CAN SECURE A WHOLE

Imperial Austrian Vienna City Bond,

ISSUE OF 1871.

These bonds are shares in a loan, the interest of which is paid out in premiums four times yearly. Every bond is entitled to

FOUR DRAWINGS ANNUALLY.

Until each and every bond is redeemed with a larger or smaller premium. Every bond must draw one of the following premiums, as there are 30 BLANKS.

|            |   |                 |   |                 |
|------------|---|-----------------|---|-----------------|
| 4 Premiums | @ | 200,000 Florins | — | 80,000 Florins. |
| 4 "        | @ | 20,000 "        | — | 8,000 "         |
| 4 "        | @ | 5,000 "         | — | 2,000 "         |
| 20 "       | @ | 1,000 "         | — | 20,000 "        |
| 48 "       | @ | 250 "           | — | 12,000 "        |
| 5,120 "    | @ | 100 "           | — | 516,800 "       |

Together 5,200 premiums, amounting to 1,648,800 Florins. The next redemption takes place on the First of October, and every bond bought of us on or before the 1st of October is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date. Out-of-town orders sent in Registered Letters, and inclosing \$5, will secure one of these bonds for the next drawing. Balances payable in monthly installments. For orders, circulars, or any other information, address

INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO.,

160 Fulton Street, cor. Broadway, New York City.  
ESTABLISHED IN 1874.

The above Government Bonds are not to be compared with any Lottery whatsoever, as lately decided by the Court of Appeals, and do not conflict with any of the laws of the United States.

N. B.—In writing, please state that you saw this in the English Puck.

No. 418 of the English Puck will be bought at this office at 25 cents per copy. In mailing please roll lengthwise.

## SOMETHING NEW! Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Curler and Tooth Brush,

Both sent to any part of the World on receipt of \$1.00.

And if not perfectly satisfactory in every case, the money will be promptly returned.

Ladies & Gentlemen who wish to quickly bang, crimp or curl the hair, beard or moustache by a new method, or to possess sound, white teeth and rosy gums, are invited to read the brief but interesting description of these new inventions.

Dr. Scott's Electric Appliances are now sold and well known in every part of the world, and are guaranteed by

THE PALL MALL  
ELECTRIC  
ASSOCIATION  
OF LONDON,  
ENGLAND.

50  
CENTS EACH,  
POSTPAID.

50  
CENTS EACH,  
POSTPAID.

### GREAT ANNOYANCE

has been caused to all people using tooth brushes, by the bristles coming out in the mouth. The Pall Mall Electric Association of London now take pleasure in introducing to the American public a Tooth Brush which they guarantee free from this troublesome defect, common to all other Tooth Brushes. The bristles are inserted in the handle by a patented process, which renders it simply impossible for them to come out in use. In addition to this, the handle of the Brush is made of a newly invented material permanently charged with an electro-magnetic current, which acts without any shock immediately upon the nerves and tissues of the mouth and gums. The act of brushing causes this current to flow into the nerve cells and roots of the teeth, and like water poured upon a plant, it invigorates and vitalizes ever perishing decay, building up and restoring the natural whiteness of the enamel, and quickly producing healthy, rosy color to the gums.

### THE LONDON ASSOCIATION

now offer to the American public their new Electric Hair, Beard and Moustache Curler. It is a handsome article, nickel-plated, with an ebonized handle, and it should occupy a place in the toilet of every lady and gentleman in America.

By its aid the hair, beard or moustache can be curled in any desired style in from one to two minutes. For ladies it produces the "Langtry Style," the "Patti Bang," the "Montague Curl," and any other form desired by ladies wearing their hair in the fashionable "loose and fluffy" mode. Those who wear crimps or other forms of false hair will find this Electric Curler a very useful article. It does not break off and ruin the hair like the ordinary crimping process, and in wet or hot weather it works as quickly as in cold. For curling the Moustache or Beard in a moment it has no equal, while it is so simple in its operation that any one can use it properly the first time. Directions accompany each one.

LONDON, ENGLAND.  
Dr. Scott, New York, Your "Crimper and Curler" works charmingly. Its effect causes universal admiration. They are most simple to use. I consider them worth a guinea apiece to those who devote much attention to the ever changing arrangement of the hair. L. LANGTRY.  
CARLTON CLUB, LONDON, W.

Dr. Scott's "Electric Curler" curls the Moustache and Beard most perfectly. My wife uses them in crimping her Hair, with pleasing results.  
Col. D. W. G.

The Royal Dental Society of London testify in the strongest terms as to the quick benefits following the use of Dr. Scott's Electric Tooth Brush, and many experts in dentistry declare it to be the greatest invention in dental appliances since the manufacture of artificial teeth.

The handles are strong, beautifully polished, not affected by acids, impervious to moisture, and forever free from that unpleasant, musty odor exuding from wet bone handles. These articles are sold by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers; but if you cannot get them conveniently, remit us the price by Draft, Check, Money, Post Office Order, or Stamp, at our risk, and they will be promptly sent to any address postpaid.

AGENTS! (Either Sex) Wanted for Dr. Scott's Beautiful Electric Corsets, Belts, Electric Hair, Flesh and Teeth Brushes and Toilets. No Risk. Quick Sales. Satisfaction guaranteed. For terms address G. A. SCOTT, 842 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Mention PUCK.

THEY used to call them jamborees in Colorado; but with the advance of civilization they are referred to as cloud-bursts.—*Lowell Citizen*.

BEN JONSON? Why, he was a druggist's clerk; had charge of the prescription department and soda-fountain. Don't you know, he wrote the song—

"Drink to me only with thine eyes."

—Burdette.

In the Congo state there is only one doctor in a country three hundred by six hundred miles in extent. But the climate is very deadly, and the inhabitants manage to shuffle off their mortal coils without medical assistance.—*Boston Transcript*.

BUTCHERS never read the newspapers. Beef has fallen nearly 60 per cent in the West, and not a butcher in this city knows anything about it.—*Philadelphia Call*.

An old rebel remarked that he tried very hard to attend General Grant's funeral in 1863—64. He failed then, and now he did not care much about it.—*Athens Banner*.

No. 418 of the English Puck will be bought at this office at 25 cents per copy. In mailing please roll lengthwise.

PAYSON'S  
INDELIBLE  
INK

Is the BEST. No preparation. Used with any clean pen for marking any fabric. Popular for decorative work on linen. Received Centennial MEDAL & Diploma. Established 60 years. Sold by all Druggists, Stationers & News Agents.

# ANGOSTURA



## BITTERS.

An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhea, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, and beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. H. SIEGERT & SONS.

J. W. WUPPERMANN, SOLE AGENT.  
51 BROADWAY, N. Y.

No. 418 of the English Puck will be bought at this office at 25 cents per copy. In mailing please roll lengthwise.

### TAPE WORM.

INFALLIBLY CURED with two spoons of medicine in two or three hours. For particulars address with stamp to H. EICKHORN, No. 6 St. Mark's Place, New York.



OFFICE OF PUCK, 23 WARREN ST. NEW YORK.

WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY, THE MICE WILL PLAY.

MAYER MERKEL & OTTMANN, LITH. 21-23 WARREN ST. N.Y.



PUCK.